

POINTS OF COMPASS.

TALMAGE PREACHES AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

"They Shall Come From the East, and From the West, and From the North, and From the South, and Shall Sit Down"—Luke 13:29.



R. TALMAGE'S FIRST sermon at the Academy of Music, New York, Sunday was heard by a great throng. He will hereafter preach there on Sundays. The text of the sermon is printed in the heading. "The man who wrote this was at the time a practicing physician; at another time a talented painter; at another time a powerful preacher; at another time a reporter—an inspired reporter. God bless, and help, and inspire all reporters! From their pen drops the health or poison of nations. The name of this reporter was Lucanus; for short he was called Luke; and in my text, although stenography had not yet been born, he reports verbatim a sermon of Christ which in one paragraph bowls the round world into the light of the millennium. They shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south and shall sit down. Nothing more interested me in my recent journey around the world than to see the ship captain about noon, whether on the Pacific, or the Indian, or Bengal, or Mediterranean, or Red Sea, looking through a nautical instrument to find just where we were sailing; and it is well to know that though the captain tells you there are thirty-two points of division of the compass card in the mariner's compass, there are only four cardinal points, and my text hails them, 'the north, the south, the east, the west. So I spread out before us the map of the world to see the extent of the gospel campaign. The hardest part of the field to be taken is the north, because our gospel is an emotional gospel, and the nations of the far north are a cold blooded race. They dwell amid icebergs and eternal snows, and everlasting winter. Greenlanders, Laplanders, Icelanders, Siberians—their vehicle is the sledge drawn by reindeer. Their existence a lifetime battle with the cold. The winter charges upon them with swords of ice, and strikes them with bullets of hail and pounds them with battering of fangs of glacier.

But already the huts of the Arctic hear the songs of divine worship. Already the snows fall on open New Testaments. Already the warmth of the sun of righteousness begins to be felt through the minds, and souls of the Hyperboreans. Down from Nova Zembla; down from Spitzbergen seas; down from the land of the midnight sun; down from the palaces of crystal; down over realms of ice, and over dominions of snow, and through hurricanes of sleet, Christ's disciples are coming from the north. The inhabitants of Hudson's bay are gathering to the cross. The church missionary society in those polar climes has been grandly successful in establishing twenty-four gospel stations, and over twelve thousand natives have been baptized. The Moravians have kindled the light of the gospel all up and down Labrador. The Danish mission has gathered disciples from among the shivering inhabitants of Greenland. William Duncan preaches the gospel up in the chill latitudes of Columbia, delivering one sermon nine times in the same day to as many different tribes who listen, and then go forth to build school houses and churches. Alaska, called at its annexation William H. Seward's folly, turns out to be William H. Seward's triumph, and it is hearing the voice of God through the American missionaries, men and women as defiant to Arctic hardships as the old Scottish chief who, when camping out in a winter's night knocked from under his son's head a pillow of snow, saying that such indulgence in luxury would weaken and disgrace the clan. The Jeanette went down in latitude 77, while De Long and his freezing and dying men stood watching it from the crumbling and crackling polar peak; but the old ship of the gospel sails as unhurt in latitude 77 as in our own 40 degrees, and the one starred flag floats above the top gallants in Baffin's bay, and Hudson strait, and Melville sound. The heroism of polar expedition, which has made the names of Sebastian Cabot, and Scoresby, and Schwatka, and Henry Hudson immortal, is to be eclipsed by the prowess of the men or women who amid the frosts of highest latitudes are this moment taking the upper shores of Europe, Asia and America for God. Scientists have been able to agree as to what is the Aurora Borealis, or northern lights. I can tell them. It is the banner of victory for Christ spread out in the northern night heavens. Partially fulfilled already the prophecy of my text, to be completely fulfilled in the near future:

"They shall come from the north."

But my text takes in the opposite point of the compass. The far south has through high temperature temptations to lethargy and indolence, and hot blood which tend toward multi-form evil. We have through my text got the north in, notwithstanding its frosts, and the same text brings in the south, notwithstanding its torridity. The fields of cactus, the orange groves, and the thickets of magnolia are to be surrendered to the Almighty. The south! That means Mexico, and all the regions that William H. Prescott and Lord Kingsborough made familiar in literature; Mexico in strange dialect of the Aztecs; Mexico conquered by Hernan Cortes, to be more gloriously conquered; Mexico with its capital more than 7,000 feet above the sea level, looking down upon the entrancement of lake and valley and plain; Mexico, the home of nations yet to be born—all for Christ. The south! That means Africa, which David Livingstone consecrated to God when he died on his knees in his tent of exploration. Already about 750,000 converts to Christianity in Africa. The south! That means all the islands strewn by Omnipotent hand through tropical seas. Malayan, Polynesia, Melanesia, Micronesia, and other islands more numerous than you can imagine unless you have voyaged around the world. The south! That means Java for God; Sumatra for God; Borneo for God; Siam for God.

A ship was wrecked near one of these islands and two life boats put out for shore, but those who arrived in the first boat were clubbed to death by the cannibals, and the other boat put back and was somehow saved. Years passed on, and one of that very crew was wrecked again with others on the same rocks. Crawling up on the shore they proposed to hide from the cannibals in one of the caverns, but mounting the rocks they saw a church, and cried out: "We are saved! A church! A church!" The south! That means Venezuela, New Granada, Ecuador and Bolivia. The south! That means the torrid zone, with all its bloom, and all its fruitage, and all its exuberance; the redolence of illimitable gardens; the music of boundless groves; the lands, the seas, that night by night look up to the southern cross, which in stars transfigures the midnight heaven as you look up at it all the way from the Sandwich islands to Australia. "They shall come from the south."

But I must not forget that my text takes in another point of the compass. It takes in the east. I have to report that in a journey around the world there is nothing so much impresses one as the fact that the missionaries divinely blessed are taking the world for God. The horrible war between Japan and China will leave the last wall of opposition flat in the dust. War is barbarism always and everywhere. We hold up our hands in amazement at the massacre at Port Arthur, as though Christian nations could never go into such diabolism. We forgot Fort Pillow! We forgot the fact that during our war both north and south rejoiced when there were 10,000 more wounded and slain on the opposite side. War, whether in China or the United States, is hell let loose. But one good result will come from the Japanese-Chinese conflict. Those regions will be more open to civilization and Christianity than ever before. When Missionary Carey put before an assembly of ministers at Northampton, England, his project for the evangelization of India, they laughed him out of the house. From Calcutta on the east of India to Bombay on the west, there is not a neighborhood but directly or indirectly feels the gospel power. The Juggernaut, which did its awful work for centuries, a few weeks ago was brought out from the place where it has for years been kept under shed as a curiosity, and there was no one reverentially to greet it. About three million of Christian souls in India are the advance guard that will lead on the two hundred and fifty million. The Christians of Amoy and Pekin and Canton are the advance guard that will lead the three hundred and forty million of China. "They shall come from the east." The last mosque of Mohammedanism will be turned into a Christian church. The last Buddhist temple will become a fortress of light. The last idol of Hindooism will be pitched into the fire. The Christ who came from the east will yet bring all the east with him. Of course, there are high obstacles to be overcome, and great ordeals must be passed through before the consummation: as witness the Armenians under the butchery of the Turk. May that throne on the banks of the Bosphorus soon crumble! The time has already come when the United States government and Great Britain, and Germany ought to intone the indignation of all civilized nations. While it is not requisite that arms be sent there to avenge the wholesale massacre of Armenians, it is requisite that by cable under the seas and by protest that shall thrill the wires from Washington, and London, and Berlin to Constantinople, the nations anathematize the diabolism for which the sultan of Turkey is responsible. Mohammedanism is a curse whether in Turkey or New York! "They shall come from the east!" And they will

come at the call of the loveliest, and grandest, and best men and women of all the time. I mean the missionaries. Dissolute Americans and Englishmen who have gone to Calcutta, and Bombay, and Canton to make their fortunes, defame the missionaries because the holy lives and the pure households of those missionaries are a constant rebuke to the American and English libertines stopping there, but the men and women of God there stationed go on gloriously with their work; people just as good and self-denying as was Missionary Moffat, who when asked to write in an album, wrote these words:

My album is in savage breasts
Where passion reigns and darkness rests
Without one ray of light.
To write the name of Jesus there;
To point to words both bright and fair;
And see the pagan bow in prayer,
Is all my soul's delight.

In all these regions are men and women with the consecration of Melville B. Cox, who embarking for the missionary work in Africa, said to a fellow student: "If I die in Africa, come and write my epitaph." "What shall I write for your epitaph?" said the student. "Write," said he, "these words: Let a thousand fall before Africa be given up."

There is another point of the compass that my text includes. "They shall come from the west." That means America redeemed. Everything between Atlantic and Pacific. Oceans to be brought within the circle of holiness and rapture. Will it be done by worldly reform, or evangelism? Will it be law, or gospel? I am glad that a wave of reform has swept across this land, and all the cities are feeling the advantages of the mighty movement. Let the good work go on until the last municipal evil is extirpated. About fifteen years ago the distinguished editor of a New York daily newspaper said to me in his editorial room. "You ministers talk about evils of which you know nothing. Why don't you go with the officers of the law and explore for yourself, so that when you preach against sin you can speak from what you have seen with your own eyes?" I said "I will." And in company with a commissioner of police, and a captain of police, and two elders of my church, I explored the dens and hiding places of all styles of crime in New York, and preached a series of sermons warning young men, and setting forth the work that must be done lest the judgment of God overwhelm this city with more awful submergence than the volcanic deluge that buried Herculaneum and Pompeii. I received, as nearly as I can remember, several hundred columns of newspaper abuse for undertaking that exploration. Editorials of denunciation, double headed, and with captions in great primetype, entitled "The Fall of Talmage," or "Talmage Makes the Mistake of His Life," or "Down with Talmage," but I still live, and am in full sympathy with all movements for municipal purification. But a movement which ends with crime exposed and law executed stops half way. Nay, it stops long before it gets half way. The law never yet saved anybody; never yet changed anybody. Break up all the houses of iniquity in this city, and you only send the occupants to other cities. Break down all the policemen in New York, and while it changes their worldly fortunes, it does not change their heart or life. The greatest want in New York to-day is the transforming power of the gospel of Jesus Christ to change the heart and life, and uplift the tone of the moral sentiment, and make men do right, not because they are afraid of Ludlow Street jail or Sing Sing, but because they love God and hate unrighteousness. I have never heard, nor have you heard, of anything except the gospel that proposes to regenerate the heart, and by the influence of that regenerated heart, rectify the life. Execute the law most certainly; but preach the gospel, by all means—in churches, in theaters, in homes, in prisons, on land and on the sea. The gospel is the only power that can revolutionize society and save the world. All else is half and half work, and will not last. In New York it has allowed men who got by police bribery their thousands, and tens of thousands, and perhaps hundreds of thousands of dollars to go scot-free; while some who were merely the cat's paw and agents of bribery are struck with the lightning of the law. It reminds me of a scene in Philadelphia when I was living there. A poor woman had been arrested and tried and imprisoned for selling molasses candy on Sunday. Other law breakers had been allowed to go undisturbed, and the grog shops were open on the Lord's day, and the law with its hands behind its back walked up and down the streets declining to molest many of the offenders; but we all rose up in our righteous indignation, and calling upon all powers, visible and invisible, to help us, we declared that though the heavens fell no woman should be allowed to sell molasses candy on Sunday.

There is that mother who through all the years of infancy and childhood was kept running amid sick trundle beds, now to shake up the pillow for that flaxen head, and now to give a drink to those parched lips, and now to hush the frightened dream of a lit-

tle one; and when there was one less of the children because the great lover of children had lifted one out of the croup into the easy breathing of celestial atmosphere, the mother putting all the more anxious care on those who were left; so weary of arm, and foot, and back, and head, so often crying out, "I am so tired! I am so tired!" Her work done, she shall sit down. And that business man for thirty, forty, fifty years has kept on the run, not urged by selfishness, but for the purpose of achieving a livelihood for the household. On the run from store to store, or from factory to factory; meeting this loss, and discovering that inaccuracy, and suffering betrayal or disappointment; never more to be cheated or perplexed, or exasperated, he shall sit down. Not in a great arm chair of heaven, for the rockers of such a chair would imply one's need of soothing, of clinging to easy posture, or semi-individualism; but a throne, solid as eternity and radiant as the morning after a night of storm. "They shall sit down."

Frederick the Great, notwithstanding the mighty dominions over which he reigned, was so depressed at times he could not speak without crying, and carried a small bottle of quick poison with which to end his misery, when he could stand it no longer. But I give you this small vial of gospel anodyne, one drop of which, not hurting body or soul, ought to smooth all unrest, and put your pulses into an eternal calm. "They shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north and the south, and shall sit down."

MASCULINITIES.

Many suits of armor worn in the fourteenth century weighed 175 pounds each.

Pale lines on the hand indicate a revengeful disposition, intensified by long fingers and a short thumb.

Workers in the spinning mills of Japan labor twelve hours a day, and have in that time only one hour for meals.

Mrs. Placid—I suppose you have given up piano playing since your husband died? Young Widow—All except the "Black Key Mazourka."

A Frenchman, M. Grevelle, is the founder of a community in the mountains of Auvergne which has as its object a return to the customs of primitive man.

Mr. Flim—What is there about these long-haired musicians that attracts you women so? Mrs. Grim—Just think how easy a long-haired man is to manage.

Jolliboy—I suppose that when your wife caught you flirting with Miss Gofast she was speechless with amazement? Talkerly—Oh, no, she wasn't! You don't know my wife.

"Keep that physician in attendance on our family!" exclaimed Mrs. Parvie New; "never!" "Has he killed anybody?" "No; but he had the impudence to say that Mr. New's blood is impoverished."

The German emperor is exceedingly partial to horseback riding. In the course of last winter ten handsome animals were trained in the royal stables at Potsdam for his use. His favorite color in a horse is said to be brown or sorrel.

Henry Irving's proverbial courtesy to the ladies finds expression in his theory that "Macbeth" was the tempter, not the tempted, and that "Lady Macbeth" was only a weak and yielding woman. In an address on this subject at Owens college, Manchester, recently Irving stigmatized "Macbeth" as "one of the most bloody-minded, hypocritical villains in all the poet's long gallery of portraits of men instinct with the virtues and vices of their kind."

SO SAGES SAY.

It is better to suffer than to sin. Bad habits are thistles in the heart. We are all giants to somebody else. A bad reputation is a hard thing to lose.

It takes more courage to endure than to act.

It is as bad to rob a man of his peace as it is to take his money.

No man is fit to lead who has not the courage to stand alone.

No man is more to be pitied than the one who is satisfied with himself. Too many men never praise their wives until after they bury them.

No man fights a harder battle than the one who is trying to overcome himself.

No man should try to teach others what he does not know to be true himself.

No man ought to forget that a good many other people will set their watches by his clock.

No man ought to forget that if he sows wild oats he will have to reap the same kind of a crop.

It is as bad to hate a man as it is to kill him. It is as wicked not to do right as it is to do wrong.

One of two things is true. We either give according to our means or according to our meanness.

It is a bad thing to never do anything that you ought to do without bragging about it, or to profess in public what you are not willing to practice in private.

Before a Full Head of Steam

is gathered by that tremendously destructive engine, malaria, put on the brakes with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will check its progress and avert disaster. Chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague and ague cake are promptly relieved and ultimately cured by this genial specific, which is also a comprehensive family medicine, speedily useful in cases of dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, sick headache, nervousness, rheumatism and neuralgia. Against the hurtful effects of sudden changes of temperature, exposure in wet weather, close application to laborious mental pursuits, and other influences prejudicial to health, it is a most trustworthy safeguard. It fortifies the system against disease, promotes appetite and sleep, and hastens convalescence after debilitating and flesh wasting diseases.

"She married the best man she knew? How did she come to do that?" "She didn't know any better."

At Every Twinge

Of Rheumatism you should remember that relief is at hand in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Rheumatism is caused by lactic acid in the blood, which settles in the joints. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and removes this taint. Therefore Hood's Sarsaparilla cures rheumatism when all other remedies have failed. Give it a fair trial. "I suffered intensely with rheumatism, but Hood's Sarsaparilla perfectly cured me." HARRY F. PITTARD, Winterville, Ga.

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